

HYPERION

WENDIG • VIRELLA • FAJARDO

MARVEL

002



HYPERION

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002 | VARIANT
EDITION

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HYPERION

HYPERION IS THE LAST SURVIVOR OF HIS UNIVERSE. BEFORE THE DESTRUCTION OF HIS WORLD, HYPERION WAS A HERO AND A TEACHER WHO LIVED BY THREE PRECEPTS: TRUTH WITHOUT COMPROMISE, THOUGHT WITHOUT ERROR AND ALL THINGS FOR THE BETTERMENT OF THE WHOLE. BUT NOW HE HAS BEEN LEFT ON THIS EARTH THAT IS NOT HIS OWN, UNSURE OF HIS PLACE IN IT. IS HE A HERO? A MURDERER?

WHILE SEARCHING FOR ANSWERS IN THE TRUCKER, HYPERION MEETS DOLL, A YOUNG HIS HELP. RELUCTANTLY, HYPERION AGREES. PURSUED BY A GROUP OF MYSTERIOUS, CARNIES, HELL-BENT ON RECLAIMING DOLL

GUISE OF AN ORDINARY RUNAWAY WHO BEGS FOR BUT DOLL IS BEING SUPER-POWERED AS ONE OF THEIR OWN...

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THREE MILES
OFF I-70.

YOU'RE SURE--
--YOUR DAD--

--DOESN'T KNOW--

--WE'RE OUT HERE?

NOPE. HE'S--

--DRUNK--

--AND ASLEEP IN FRONT OF THE TV--
--AGAIN.



GOD, YOU'RE HOT.

DAMN STRAIGHT. HOT AS HELL--

--AND SMART AS A WHIP.



I SAW SOMETHING.

UH-HUH. I SEE SOMETHING, TOO, CANDACE.

I SEE A WEDDING CAKE THAT SAYS CANDY AND RANDY--

QUIT IT, RANDY! I SWEAR I SAW SOMEONE OUT THERE!



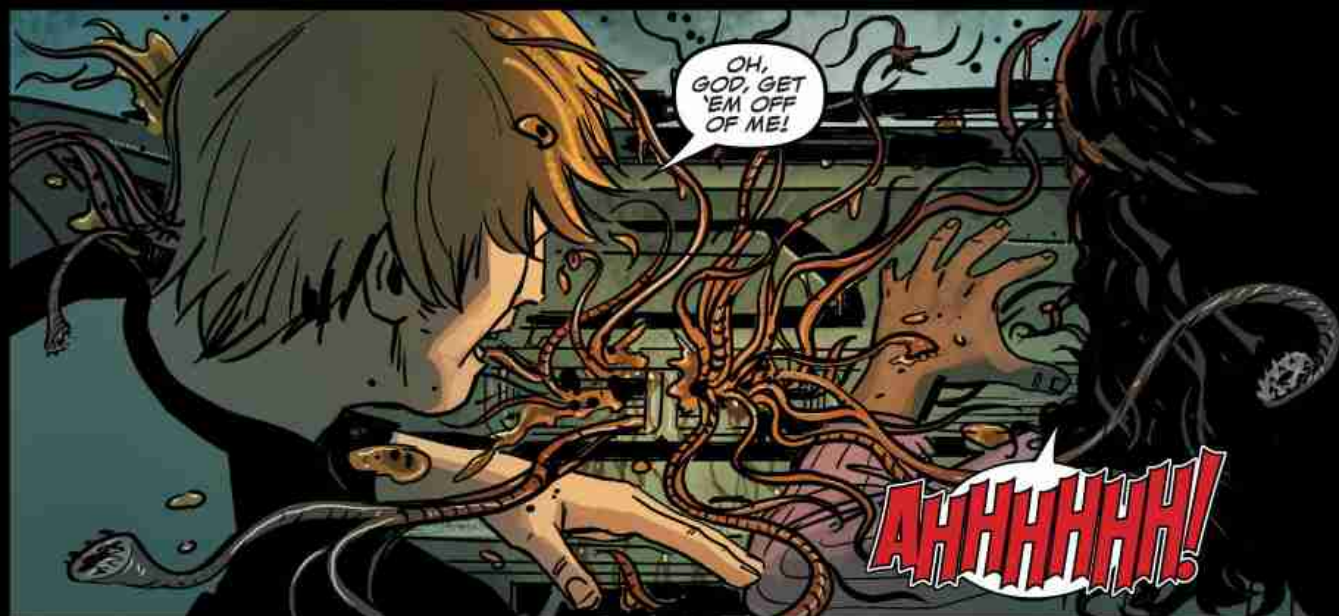
YOU HEAR THAT?

I HEAR MY HEART--

SHHH! IDIOT, SHUT UP, GEEZ.



IS THAT A WORM? WHAT THE--?



OH, GOD, GET 'EM OFF OF ME!

AAAAHHHHH!



MFFG HELPMGUS MFFFFG!

HIGH ABOVE VALENTINE COUNTY.



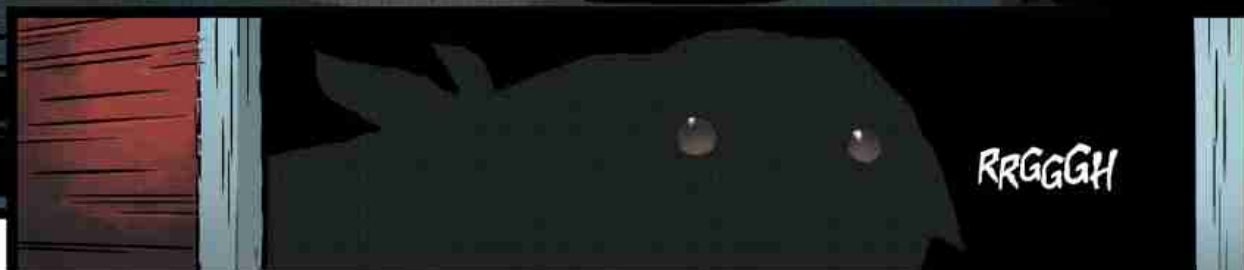
OMG. I AM
FLYING. REPEAT:
I AM FLYING.

OKAY, I'M
NOT FLYING.
HE'S FLYING.

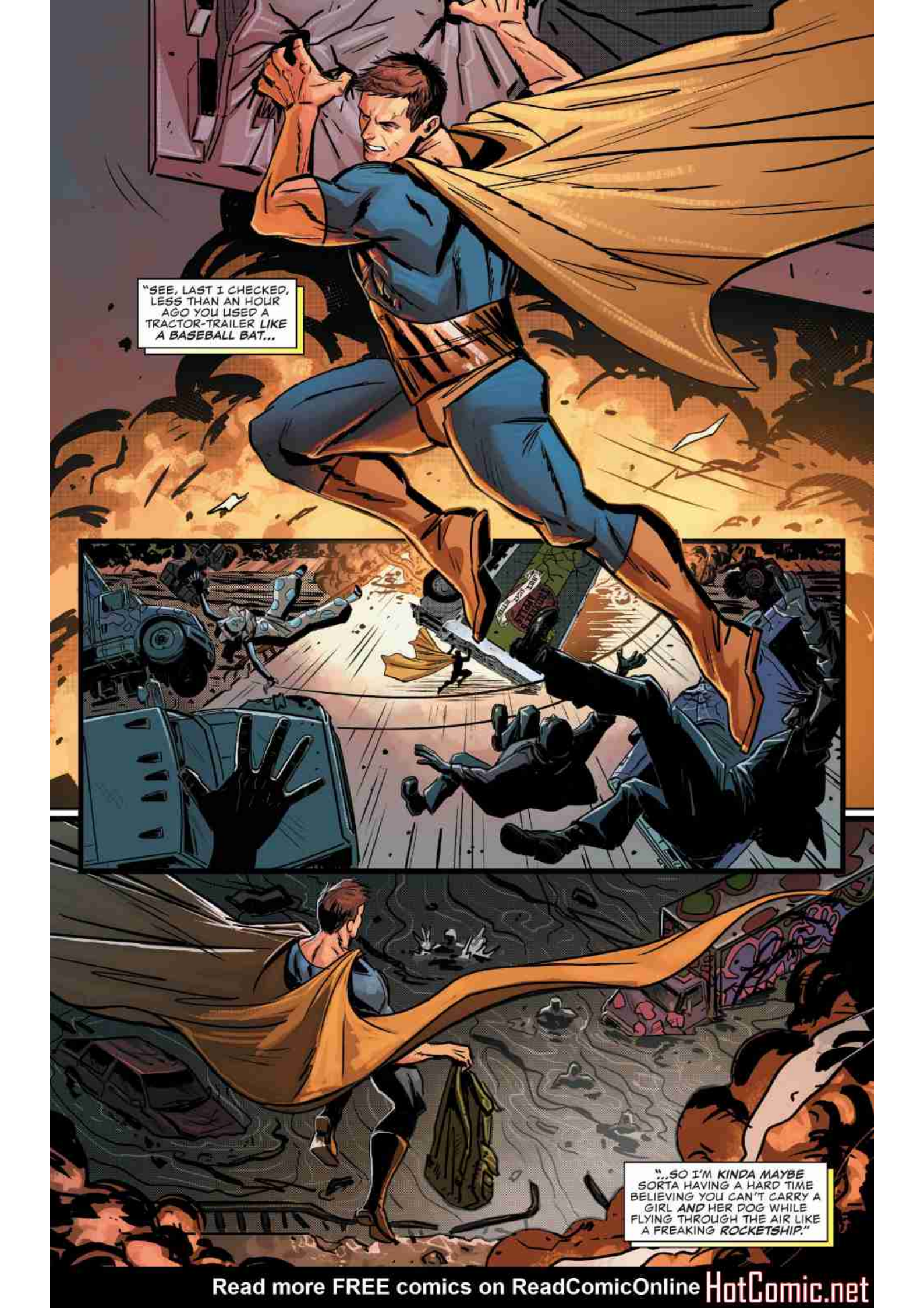
I'M BEING
FLOWN?

WHATEVER.

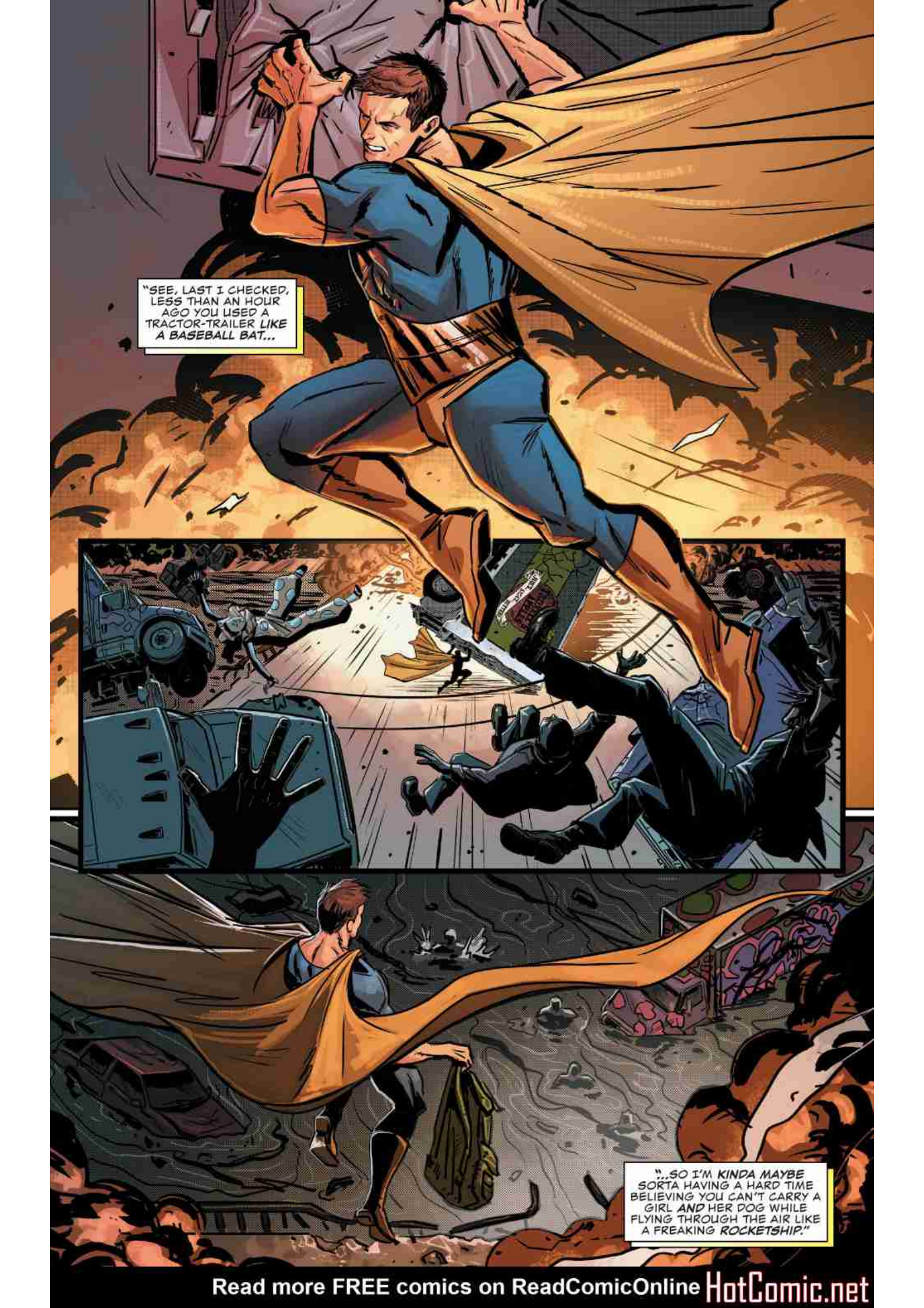




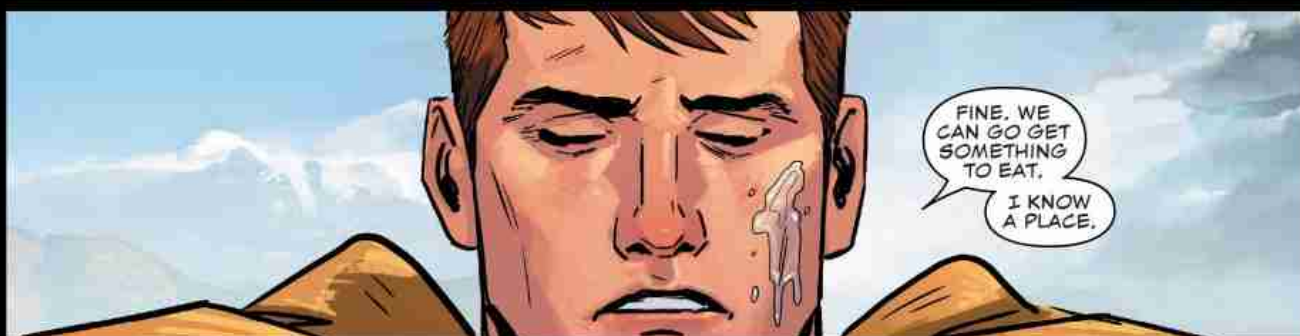


A comic book panel showing Superman in mid-air, flying towards the viewer. He is wearing his classic blue suit with a red 'S' and a yellow cape. He is holding a large tractor-trailer by its front end, using it as a weapon. The background is a fiery, orange-hued sky with debris falling. A speech bubble is located in the upper left corner of the panel.

"SEE, LAST I CHECKED,
LESS THAN AN HOUR
AGO YOU USED A
TRACTOR-TRAILER LIKE
A BASEBALL BAT..."

A comic book panel showing Superman flying over a city street. He is seen from behind, with his yellow cape flowing. He is holding a green bag or piece of debris. The street below is filled with debris, smoke, and the silhouettes of people looking up in awe. A speech bubble is located in the lower right corner of the panel.

"...SO I'M KINDA MAYBE
SORTA HAVING A HARD TIME
BELIEVING YOU CAN'T CARRY A
GIRL AND HER DOG WHILE
FLYING THROUGH THE AIR LIKE
A FREAKING ROCKETSHIP."



VALENTINE
COUNTY
CORRECTIONAL.
MEANWHILE.





"TELL YOU WHAT, MISTER HARDIAKEN. THOSE BOYS ARE FRIENDS OF YOURS, SO WE'LL JUST CALL IT A SLAP ON THE WRIST..."



"...RELEASE THEM INTO YOUR CUSTODY."

"HOW'D THAT BE?"



BEFORE YOU GET IN THE TRUCK, KNOW THIS:

BALLY IS STILL IN A COMA.

I'M DISAPPOINTED IN YOU. THE GIRL IS GONE. YOUR TRUCKS ARE BORKED. YOU GOT BEATEN DOWN LIKE UGLY CHILDREN.

TSK, TSK, TSK.

I'M ONLY PULLING YOU OUT OF THE HUMAN URINAL THAT IS COUNTY LOCKUP SO YOU CAN ANSWER A QUESTION:

"WHO, DID.
THIS?"



"MARC" OVER THERE IS
ON THE PHONE TELLING
HIS BOSSES I DON'T
KNOW WHAT.



"SORRY, MISTER SPROCKET,
I USED MY APPLE TRUCK
AS A BASEBALL BAT AGAIN.
BOY HOWDY, IS MY FACE
RED. WON'T HAPPEN A
THIRD TIME!"



BETTER QUESTION IS, WHY DOES HE BOTHER PRETENDING TO BE A TRUCK DRIVER AT ALL?

AND DOESN'T HE HAVE A CELL PHONE? AND DO YOU THINK HE KNOWS CAPTAIN AMERICA OR WHAT?



NEW QUESTION. WHO'S THAT SAD-LOOKING DUDE?



HOW YOU HOLDING UP, DAVE?

WHATEVER YOU NEED, BIG D, IT'S ON THE HOUSE.

ANY NEWS? COPS TELL YOU ANYTHING?

NO. NOTHING.

COPS DON'T KNOW A THING.

NOT EVEN SURE IT WAS MURDER.

CANDACE, MY LITTLE GIRL... JUST LEFT LIKE THAT IN THAT CAR...

SHE WAS A GOOD KID, BIG D. A GOOD KID.



YOU ARE ALL PAID UP. THIS SHOULD CONCLUDE OUR TIME TOGETHER.

THE WAITRESS SAID THERE'S A BUS STATION NEARBY--

AHEM, YEAH, ABOUT THAT? SEE THAT CRYING DUDE INSIDE THE DINER?



THAT'S DAVE. HIS DAUGHTER WAS MURDERED LAST NIGHT. AT LEAST, HE THINKS. COPS DON'T KNOW. I PROMISED OUR HELP FINDING THE KILLER.



YOU MEAN MY HELP.

HEY, I'M NO SLOUCH. I CAN HELP!

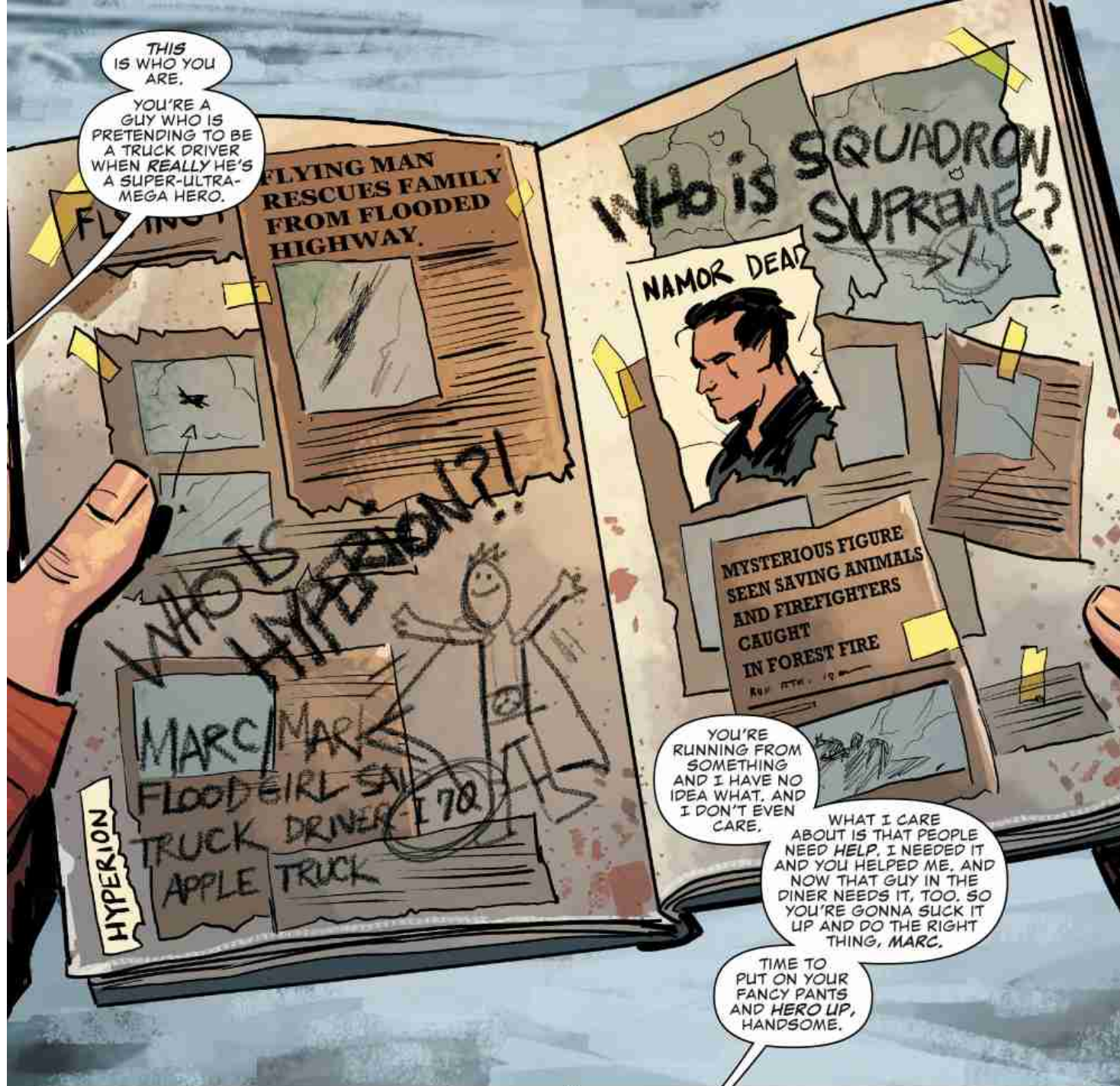
THE ONLY THING YOU'RE HELPING ME INTO ANOTHER MESS. THIS ISN'T MY PROBLEM. WHO EXACTLY DO YOU THINK I AM?



I KNOW EXACTLY WHO YOU ARE.

MOSTLY, GENERALLY.





THREE MILES OFF I-70.

"THE CRIME
SCENE."

POLICE

WE DO NOT CROSS

POLICE

POLICE LINE



WHAT
HAPPENED
HERE?



GIRL'S FATHER
SEEMED TO THINK
MURDER. SHE AND HER
BOYFRIEND WERE IN THIS
CAR. A HUNTER FOUND THEM
HERE IN THE MORNING,
BOTH DEAD. THEIR
DEATHS WERE...
STRANGE.

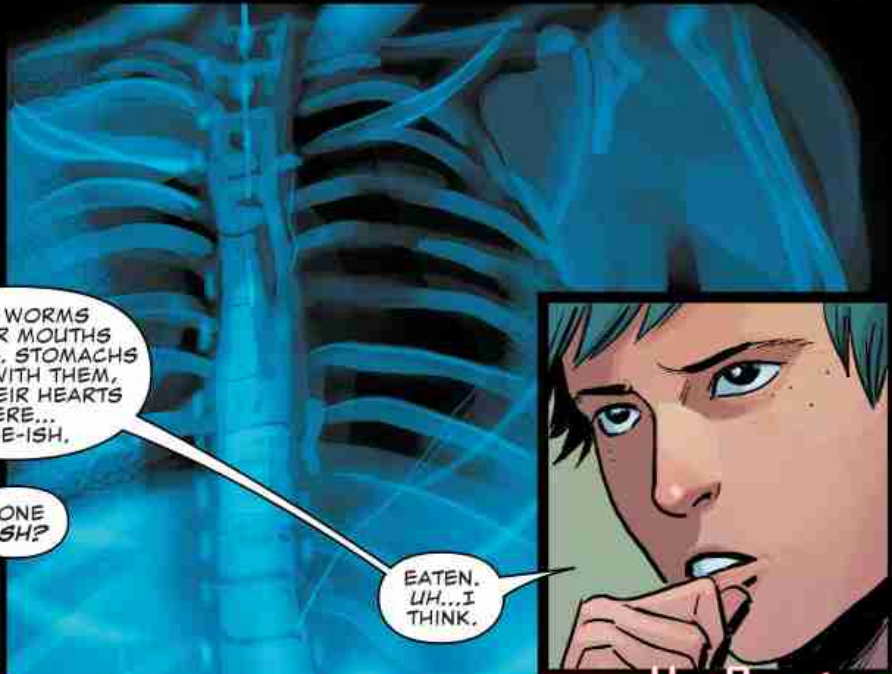


STRANGE
HOW?

DEAD WORMS
IN THEIR MOUTHS
AND EARS. STOMACHS
FILLED WITH THEM,
TOO. THEIR HEARTS
WERE...
GONE-ISH.

GONE
-ISH?

EATEN.
UH...I
THINK.





THESE WORMS AREN'T WORMS. NOT ENTIRELY.

THAT'S THE WEIRDEST ZEN KOAN I'VE EVER HEARD.

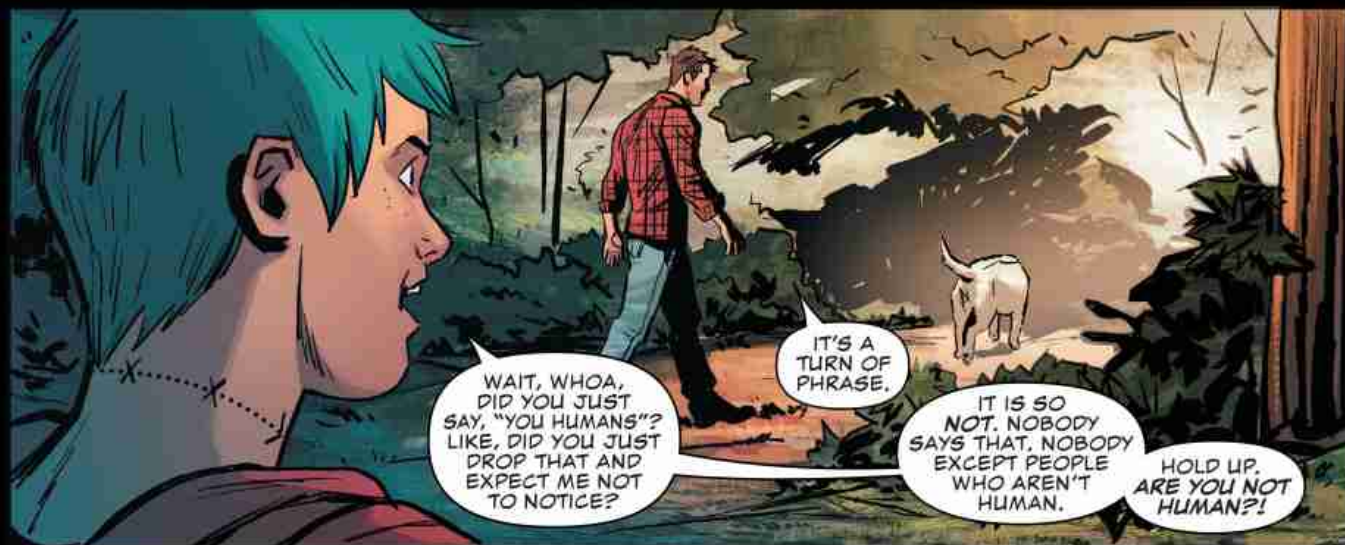
THE WORMS HAVE HUMAN CELLS. NOT ON THEM. AS A PART OF THEM. THEY POSSESS HUMAN DNA.

AND I THINK YOUR DOG HAS FOUND A TRAIL. LET US WALK.

GUESS WE CAN'T FLY?



ALWAYS THE EASY ROUTE WITH YOU HUMANS.



WAIT, WHOA, DID YOU JUST SAY, "YOU HUMANS"? LIKE, DID YOU JUST DROP THAT AND EXPECT ME NOT TO NOTICE?

IT'S A TURN OF PHRASE.

IT IS SO NOT. NOBODY SAYS THAT. NOBODY EXCEPT PEOPLE WHO AREN'T HUMAN.

HOLD UP. ARE YOU NOT HUMAN?!



WOULD THAT BOTHER YOU?

WHAT? I...NO. YES? I DON'T KNOW!

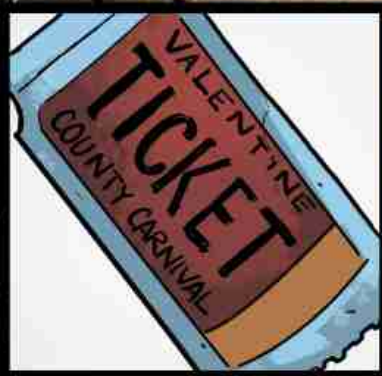
WHY DID YOU SEEK ME OUT, DOLL? WHY ARE YOU HERE, NOW?

IT'S BETTER THAN THE ALTERNATIVE. IF YOU'LL RECALL, I WAS BEING CHASED BY A BUNCH OF CARNIVAL FREAKS.









NO, NO,
NO, WHY
WOULD HE BE
CONNECTED
TO THE
CARNIVAL?





HOLY HELL!
HYPERION'S
OUT OF CONTROL!

STOP!



HE'S GOING TO
KILL ME AND
BRING THIS
WHOLE PLACE
DOWN!



THE WORMS
HAVE HIM...

KRSSH

AAAAAAAUGH!

...AND I THINK
THEY'RE
KILLING HIM.

HYPERION!
NO!



**NEXT ISSUE:
WORM-BOY, THE
CRAWLING MENACE!**

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**YOU WANT TO KNOW
WHAT HAPPENS *NEXT?***



DON'T MISS **HYPERION** **#3**

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